LITTLE INDIANS

LA RUE

BOARD OF EDUCATION OF SALT LAKE CITY

OBSOLETE

Child Wendy

Date

LITTLE INDIANS

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
NEW YORK . BOSTON . CHICAGO . DALLAS
ATLANTA . SAN FRANCISCO

MACMILLAN & CO., LIMITED
LONDON . BOMBAY . CALCUTTA
MELBOURNE

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED
TORONTO

LITTLE INDIANS

By

MABEL GUINNIP LARUE

Author of
"The F-U-N Book," "Under the Story Tree,"
"In Animal Land" and "The Billy Bang Book"

Illustrated by
MAUD AND MISKA
PETERSHAM

New York
The Macmillan Company
1930

COPYRIGHT, 1930
BY THE MACMILLAN COMPANY.

All rights reserved, including
the right of reproduction in
whole or in part in any form

Set up and electrotyped. Published January, 1930.

• PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA •

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Eyes in the Smoke Hole	1
Red Bird	9
Red Bird and the Turkey	15
At War with the Hornets	23
The Poor Little Bee*	34
Snowflake's Pet	35
The Golden-Eagle Feather	43
Father Indian's War-Bonnet	58
The Rides	65
The Thunder Bird	68
Funny Face	83
The Party	92
Crow Boy	106
Sleepy Head	118
Cubby Bear Is Left Behind	129
Crow Boy Takes a Ride	142
Snowflake Works Like a Muskrat	149
Boy Hunter	158

*Indian nursery rhyme, adapted.

EYES IN THE SMOKE HOLE

Baby Indian was in his cradle. He hung from a tent pole high up in the teepee.

"Rattle, rattle, rattle!"

Baby shook some deer hoofs. They were tied to the cradle—on the bow.

"Oo! Oo!" laughed Baby. But he soon cried, "Ow, ow!"

Mother Indian put her hand over Baby Indian's mouth.

"Sh!" she said, "Big Bear will hear you. He is out there in the wood."

Then Mother Indian sang:

"Hush, little Baby, do not cry;
You'll be a big boy by and by.
You shall have a bow
And a hatchet, too.
You shall ride on the water
In your own canoe."

Baby Indian was in his cradle. He hung from a bough while Mother cut wood. The wind rocked him—rock-a-by, rock-a-by.

Something fell on Baby Indian's face. He looked up. A squirrel was eating a nut. He had dropped a shell.

Little birds sat on the cradle above Baby's head. They sang sweet songs.

"Oo! Oo!" laughed Baby. But he soon cried, "Wow, wow!"

Mother Indian put her hand over Baby Indian's mouth.

"Sh!" she said, "Big Bear will hear you. He is walking in the wood."

Then Mother Indian put the cradle on her back and started for home. She sang:

"Hush, little baby, do not cry;
You'll be a big boy, by and by.
You shall have a bow,
And a hatchet, too.
You shall ride on the water
In your own canoe."

Baby Indian lay on a wolf-skin. He kicked. He played with his toes.

"Oo! Oo!" laughed Baby. But he soon cried, "Boo, hoo!"

Mother Indian put her hand over Baby Indian's mouth.

"Sh!" she said, "Big Bear will hear you. He is coming through the wood."

Soon Mother gave Baby some soup made of wild rice and meat. She put him in his cradle. She rocked him in her arms.

Mother Indian sang:

"Hush, little Baby, do not cry;
You'll be a big boy, by and by.
You shall have a bow,
And a hatchet, too.
You shall ride on the water
In your own canoe."

One night Baby Indian went to sleep. Then he awoke. It was dark —all dark; and he was alone in his little box bed.

Baby Indian was a big baby now. He was one winter old—and four moons too. But he cried, "Boo, hoo!"

"Whoo! Whoo! Whoo!" said a voice. It was not Mother's.

Something was up in the smoke hole. Baby saw its big eyes.

Oh, Baby Indian was frightened! He wanted to say, "Mother! Mother! Big Bear is after me."

"Ma, ma!" he cried.

Mother Indian came.

She said, "You saw Old Owl, the

hooter. He was up in the smoke hole. He is far away now. Make no noise. Then Big Bear will not come. Big Bear can not find you."

Mother Indian held Baby's hand. She sang,

"Hush, little baby, do not cry;
You'll be a big boy, by and by.
You shall have a bow,
And a hatchet, too.
You shall ride on the water
In your own canoe."

Big Bear came walking through the wood. He listened. But Big Bear did not hear Baby. He could not find Baby.

Baby Indian made no noise. He was fast asleep.

Baby Indian

Read a line under "A." Then, under "B," find the right line to finish it.

A

On the floor, Baby might ____
On the ground, Baby might ____
If Baby cried, ____
Father liked Baby, so he ____
Indians had no cows, so ____

B

____ a bear might come.
____ creep off in the wood.
____ get in the fire.
____ Baby never drank cow's milk.
____ made him a fine cradle.

RED BIRD

Little Indian played in the teepee. He played under a tree. Little Indian could walk; but he could not talk.

Mother Indian said, "My little papoose can walk. I wish he could talk."

Then Mother Indian held up a moccasin.

"Look, papoose! What is this?" she asked.

"Goo, goo," said Little Indian.

He took the moccasin. He put it on his foot.

Father Indian said, "Papoose, you can walk. Why don't you talk?"

Then Father Indian held up an arrow.

"Look, papoose! What is this?" he asked.

"Goo, goo," said Little Indian.

He took the arrow. He pointed to a tree.

Grandmother Indian said, "Our papoose can walk, but he can not talk. He will never talk. Poor little papoose!"

Then Grandmother Indian held up a feather.

"Look, papoose! What is this?" she asked.

Little Indian took the feather. He put it on his head.

"Poor little papoose," said everyone. "Papoose will never talk."

Grandmother Indian shook her head. Father Indian looked sad. Mother Indian cried.

Little Indian saw Father's sad face. He saw Mother crying.

"Goo, goo," he said. "Goo! goo!"

Then Little Indian heard a noise —tap, tap, tap. He looked up at the tree. There was a woodpecker. It had a red head.

"Oh, oo!" said Little Indian. "Red Bird! Red Bird!"

"Oh, hear papoose!" cried Mother Indian. "Papoose talks."

Father Indian took Little Indian in his arms. He tossed him high in the air.

"Ho! Ho!" he shouted. "Papoose talks."

Grandmother Indian made a new shirt for Little Indian. She worked a red bird on it.

Little Indian was dressed in his fine new shirt.

"Who are you?" asked Grandmother.

"Red Bird," said Little Indian.

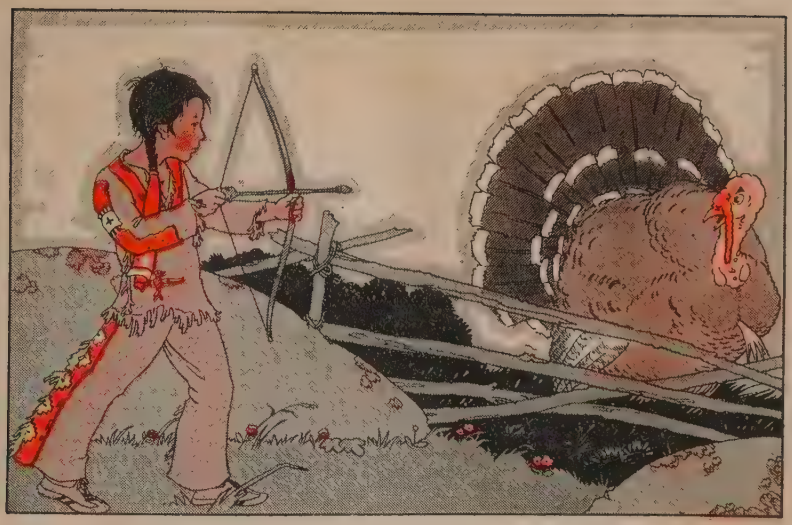
"Ho!" Father Indian cried. "You have named yourself. Red Bird shall be your name."

Little [illegible]s "Papoose" no longer[illegible] him Red Bird.

Choose a Name

Below are some real Indian names. Play that you are an Indian. Choose a name for yourself.

Red Feather	Blue Sky
Old Smoke	Red Wing
Dirty Face	Little Bird
Big Mouth	Rainbow
Black Thunder	Ear of Corn
Sitting Bull	Sleepy Eyes
Kicking Bear	Big Goose
Red Eagle	White Duck
Yellow Wolf	Bright Eyes
Crow Foot	[illegible]owflake
Little Turtle	[illegible]loud



He looked at the turkey. He drew back his bow. His arrow was pointed at the turkey's red head.

Red Bird said, "I could shoot you, old turkey with the fine tail feathers. But I won't."

"Gobble, gobble, gobble!" the big turkey said.

Red Bird did not mean to shoot. But all at once, the arrow went—whing! Down fell the turkey. He gave one kick. Then he did not move.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" said Red Bird. "What have I done? I have killed the big turkey with the fine tail feathers; and Mother wanted to keep him."

Red Bird sat down on a rock.

He said, "Dear, oh dear! What have I done? I have killed the big turkey with the fine tail feathers."

That night Father Indian told a bear story. Red Bird did not listen. He looked off down the river.

He was thinking, "Dear, oh dear! What have I done? I have killed the big turkey with the fine tail feathers."

Red Bird went to bed. But he could not sleep. Over and over, he said to himself, "Dear, oh dear! What have I done? I have killed the big turkey with the fine tail feathers."

The next morning Red Bird walked out of the teepee. Mother Indian was baking corn bread in the ashes.

Red Bird said, "Mother, I did not mean to do it, but I killed the big turkey with the fine tail feathers."

"What!" said Mother Indian. "You have killed the turkey? When did you do it?"

Red Bird said, "I killed him yesterday. I shot him with my new stone arrow."

"You must have knocked the turkey over," said Mother Indian. "He lay on the ground. You thought you had killed him. But he is not dead. I threw corn into the pen just now. He ate it all up as fast as he could."

Red Bird did not wait to hear more. He went skip, skip, skip, down to the pen. There stood the big turkey with the fine tail feathers.

"I shall never point my arrow at you again," said Red Bird.

The big turkey made a fan of his tail. He got red in the head.

"Gobble, gobble, gobble," he said.

Shooting Arrows

When you name a word, you shoot an arrow. How many arrows can you shoot?

teepee	feather	heard	listen
shouted	noise	winter	another
Indian	knock	yellow	war
moccasin	didn't	cradle	sometimes
himself	pointed	strong	angry
giant	nobody	sister	Thunder
hatchet	canoe	shirt	turkey
coming	tossed	worked	named

AT WAR WITH THE HORNETS

Three boys were playing. They hopped and jumped and yelled.

They had painted their faces. One boy had a red face. One had a black face. One had a face all yellow.

Each boy had a bow. Each boy had some arrows.

"I kill foe!" shouted one boy.

"I kill foe!" shouted another.

"I kill foe!" shouted all three. "Woo! Woo! Hay-ay! Hay-ay!"

Red Bird ran out of the teepee.

He said, "Let me play with you. May I? Please. I want to dance when the war is over."

"You are too small," said the boys to Red Bird. "We are going to fight hornets. Hornets sting hard. They would make you cry. A cry-baby cannot dance when the war is over."

Red Bird said, "I shall not cry.

I am seven winters old—soon I'll be eight. Please let me fight."

"You may come," said one boy; "but a hornet will sting you. Then you will run home. When we dance after the fight, you will be crying, 'Boo, hoo.' "

Red Bird made his face red, black and yellow. He got his bow and some arrows. Then he hopped and jumped and yelled.

"I kill foe!" he shouted. "Woo! Woo! Hay-ay! Hay-ay!"

The boys went down by the wood. Nobody heard them, for they made no noise. Nobody saw them, for they hid behind bushes.

High up on a bush was a hornet's nest. A boy pointed to it with a stick.

"See that," he said. "That is the home of our foes. Knock down their teepee. Then fight like big braves."

Red Bird went creep, creep, creep, along with the big boys. He shot at the nest. He helped them knock it down.

"Buzz-z!" said the hornets. Then out they came. They flew at the boys.

The boys hit at the hornets with branches of leaves. They fought long and hard.

"Now run!" called a boy—the boy who was war chief.

The big boys ran fast. Their legs were long. Red Bird ran as fast as he could; but his legs were short. He was left far behind.

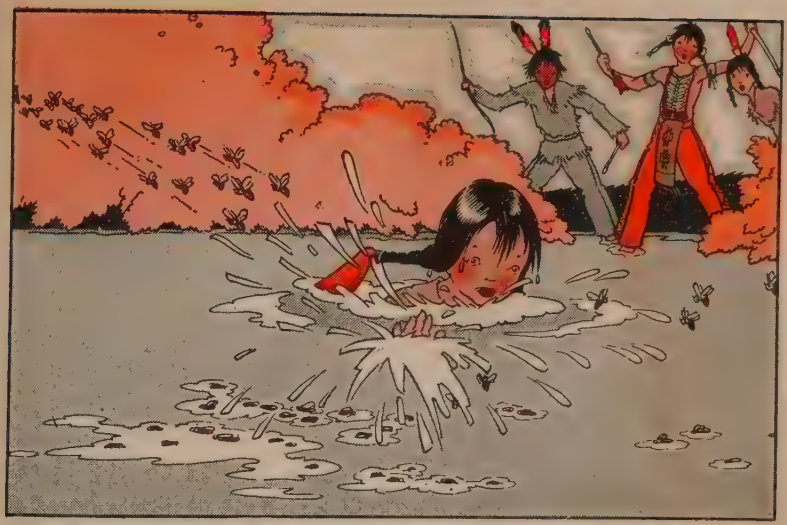
"Buzz-z-z!" went the hornets in Red Bird's right ear. "Buzz-z-z!" went the hornets in his left ear. "Buzz-z-z!" buzzed a hornet that was fast in his hair.

One hornet lit on Red Bird's nose. It went "Z-z-z—sting!"

Red Bird said, "Oh!" and he made a face. But he did not cry. He ran to the river. Into it he jumped—splash!

Up came Red Bird's head. Then he pulled it back. He splashed water. He wet the hornets.

Some of the hornets flew back to the woods. Others fell into the river and floated away.



The big boys saw Red Bird jump into the river. They saw him fight the hornets.

"Kill foe!" shouted one.

"Kill foe!" shouted another.

"Kill foe!" shouted all three. "Woo! Hay-ay! Hay-ay!"

Red Bird came out of the water.

"The war is over," said the boys. "Now we can go home and have a scalp dance. Red Bird, brave Red Bird, here is a feather to put in your hair. And here is a pole with three scalps on it."

The scalps were made of buffalo hair.

Back in the village, little girls held the scalp poles. The boys danced around them. They shook their bows. They waved their arrows. They whooped and they yelled.

The hornets had stung Red Bird in many places. Now all the places began to swell.

Red Bird's cheeks looked fat. His nose was big. One eye was shut. But Red Bird danced.

Round and round the poles he went—hoppity, hippity, hop!

He shook his bow. He waved his arrow. "Woo! Woo!" he whooped. "Hay-ay! Hay-ay!"

Animal Noises

Red Bird learned to hoot and howl. Then he could call to Father far off in the wood. Foes would say, "That is just an animal."

Under "A," are the names of animals. Under "B," find the words that tell what these animals do.

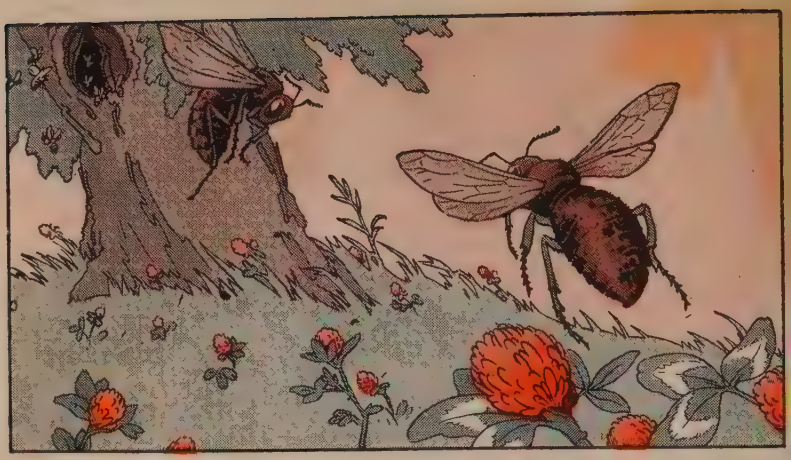
Find the right noise for each animal.

A

5 a whippoorwill	9 a wild goose
3 a red squirrel	8 a wild duck
13 a wild cat	10 a wolf
6 a woodpecker	11 a fox
7 a rabbit	14 a frog
2 a buffalo	12 an owl
1 a dog	4 a crow

B

1 barks	8 quacks
2 bellows	9 honks
3 chatters	10 howls
4 calls "Caw! Caw!"	11 yaps
5 sings "Whip-poor-will!"	12 hoots
6 taps with its bill	13 yowls
7 thumps with its hind feet	14 croaks



THE POOR LITTLE BEE

The poor little bee
That lives in a tree—
The poor little bee
That lives in a tree,
Has only one arrow
In his quiver;
And when it is gone
It is gone forever.

SNOWFLAKE'S PET

Red Bird had a sister. Her name was Snowflake.

The birds knew Snowflake. They took crumbs from her hand. The squirrels and the chipmunks looked for corn in her basket.

"I like birds and squirrels and chipmunks," said Snowflake; "but birds will not stay around the teepee. The squirrels and the chipmunks run away when I want to play.

"Red Bird has a little black bear. He has a tame crow. He has a puppy. I wish I had a pet," said Snowflake.

Red Bird said, "I can get you a skunk. There are five little ones in a hole—I know where."

"A skunk!" said Snowflake. "I don't want a skunk; but get me a pet that is little and cute. I want one that has no mother. A mother would feel bad if we took her baby."

Red Bird knew where to look for animals. Bears like a cave. For a wolf or a fox, go to the rocks. Rabbits are under a bush or eating greens.

Down by the pond were beavers. But Red Bird thought that Snowflake wouldn't like a beaver.

Turtles leave their eggs for the sun to hatch. They don't know their own children. But Snowflake wouldn't want a turtle—no girl would.

"Is there anything under that rock?" Red Bird looked to see. He saw bright eyes.

"Bob-cats!" said Red Bird. "They scratch. I must hurry away before the mother cat comes."

Next, Red Bird saw otters. They were having fun. They slid on their stomachs down a bank. Splash! they went into the water.

A rabbit jumped from behind a rock. Away it went, hippity, hippity, hop!

"A rabbit is little and cute," said Red Bird. "But I want some other animal for Snowflake. I want to surprise her. Where shall I look?"

At sunset, Red Bird went home. He was holding something in his shirt.

"Snowflake!" he called. "I have a pet for you. It is little and cute; and it has no mother."

"Oh!" cried Snowflake. "What did you find? Let me see! Let me see!"

Red Bird said, "You must guess what I have. You may guess three times."

"It is a fox," said Snowflake.

"No, it is not a fox. It can climb a tree."

"I know!" said Snowflake. "It is a bear cub."

"No, it is not a bear cub. It has a long, bushy tail. You may have one more guess."

Snowflake was going to say, "It must be a squirrel; and I don't want a squirrel." But just then she saw something. She saw a little face peeping out from Red Bird's shirt.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Snowflake. "It is a 'coon. Give it to me—please!"

"How did you guess?" asked Red Bird. Then he, too, saw the little face peeping out from his shirt.

Snowflake took the baby raccoon in her arms. How do you know it has no mother?" she asked.

Red Bird said, "'Coons sleep in the daytime, up in a tree; but this little 'coon was out in the grass. He was lost and all alone."

Snowflake looked at her pet.

"You dear, little thing," she said. "I am sorry for you. I shall try to be kind to you. What shall I call you? Let me think. I shall call you Funny Face, because your face is so funny. I like that name."

Hunting Animals

The Indians said, "There are four kinds of animals.

1. Animals that walk on four legs.
2. Animals that fly.
3. Animals that swim with fins.
4. Animals that creep."

Read below. Find all the animals that walk on four legs. Write the names.

turkey	beaver	raccoon	bird
deer	goose	skunk	woodchuck
turtle	swan	squirrel	dog
bear	buffalo	eagle	fox
fish	snake	wolf	muskrat
hawk	wild cat	rabbit	porcupine

"Let us sit in a circle and talk like chiefs," said Smoky. "I'll fix up a stick so that it looks like a peace-pipe. Who wants to be Big Chief?"

"I do," said Crow Boy.

"I do," said Blackfoot.

"I do," said all the others.

"Come sit in a circle," said Smoky. "I will spin a top. It will stop near some boy. That boy shall be Big Chief."

"Hum-m-m-m!" went the top. It spun round and round very fast.

Next it spun more slowly. Then it stopped. It stopped near Red Bird.

"Red Bird shall be Big Chief," said the boys.

"Have you a buffalo robe, Red Bird? Have you a feather? Big Chief wears a robe, and a long, golden feather stands up in his hair."

"Yes," said Red Bird, "I have a buffalo robe. I have a fine long feather to wear in my hair."

"Then Red Bird shall be Big Chief when he comes with the feather. All run home and fix up. Hurry back to the circle."

Red Bird got his moccasins—the ones worked with red quills. He painted his face red, black, and yellow. Round his neck he put a string of wild-cat claws.

Next, Red Bird opened a box. He looked in the box. Then he looked in a basket.

He said, "I have a fine feather to wear in my hair. It looks like Big Chief's. It is not in the box. It is not in the basket. I put it in some place; but I cannot think where.

"I must find that feather," said Red Bird, "or the boys won't let me be Big Chief. I told them I had a long feather."

Red Bird found a turkey feather; but he did not want that.

Red Bird found a goose feather; but he did not want that.

Red Bird found a hawk's feather; but he did not want that.

Red Bird found a swan's feather; but he did not want that.

He said, "I have a fine feather to wear in my hair. It looks like Big Chief's. I put it in some place; but I cannot think where. I must find that feather or they won't let me be Big Chief."

Red Bird looked all around the teepee.

Father Indian's war-bonnet hung from a pole. Red Bird saw it. He saw the golden-eagle feathers. They were long and pretty. They were just like Big Chief's.

"Oh," said Red Bird, "I know what to do. I'll take a feather from Father's war-bonnet. I cannot ask Father. Father is not here. But I'll take just one feather. I can put it back soon."

Then Red Bird took a golden-eagle feather from Father Indian's war-bonnet. He put the feather in his hair. He got his buffalo robe, and away he went.

Red Bird sat in the circle. The boys called him Big Chief.

Smoky began. He said, "Big Chief, our foes have been hunting on our grounds again. They will kill all the animals. Then our tribe will starve. It is time to make war."

"Ho! Ho!" said the boys. "It is time to make war. We must drive away our enemies."

Blackfoot hit the drum.

Gray Fox spoke next. He said, "Let us surprise our foes. Let us go to their village early in the morning before they are up. We will whoop and scare them. Then we will burn their teepees."

"Our foes don't live in teepees," said Red Bird. "They live in wigwams."

"Then we will burn their wigwams. We will bring home scalps."

"Ho! Ho!" said the boys. "We shall come home with scalps."

Moon-Face said, "Our foes call us snakes. We will make them afraid of snakes. They will be afraid to come to our hunting grounds again."

"Our foes have birch-bark canoes," said Crow Boy. "Birch-bark canoes go faster than our dugouts and bull-boats. We will bring all the birch-bark canoes home with us."

"Ho! Ho!" said the boys. "We shall come home with scalps and birch-bark canoes."

Blackfoot hit the drum.

"We traded with our foes once. We gave them meat. They gave us maple sugar. We will bring home all their maple sugar."

"Ho! Ho!" said the boys. "We shall come home with scalps, birch-bark canoes, and maple sugar."

Now Red Bird held up his hand. He said, "Men, our foes have hunted on our grounds because they are hungry. They have come to make peace. They have brought us birch-bark canoes and maple sugar.

"The Great Spirit wants us to live like brothers. Let us not go to war, but send our foes home with food and presents."

"Ho! Ho!" said the boys. "Big Chief' swords are true. It is better to make peace with our foes. We will send them home with food and presents."

Then some of the boys played that they were the foes. They came and sat in the circle.

Red Bird said, "When we smoke the peace-pipe, the Great Spirit hears what we say. The smoke tells the Great Spirit we shall keep our promise. Now, we must not go to war with each other."

"What the Big Chief says is true," said the foes.

Red Bird took Smoky's stick. It

looked just like a peace-pipe. He played he took just one puff and blew the smoke toward the sky. Then he passed the stick to the boy who sat on his left.

That boy did just as Red Bird had done. The stick went on around the circle. Each boy played that he took a puff from the make-believe pipe.

After that the boys had a peace dance. Then they wrapped up the stick with care and gave it to Red Bird.

"Big Chief," they said, "put it away. You are the keeper of the peace-pipe."

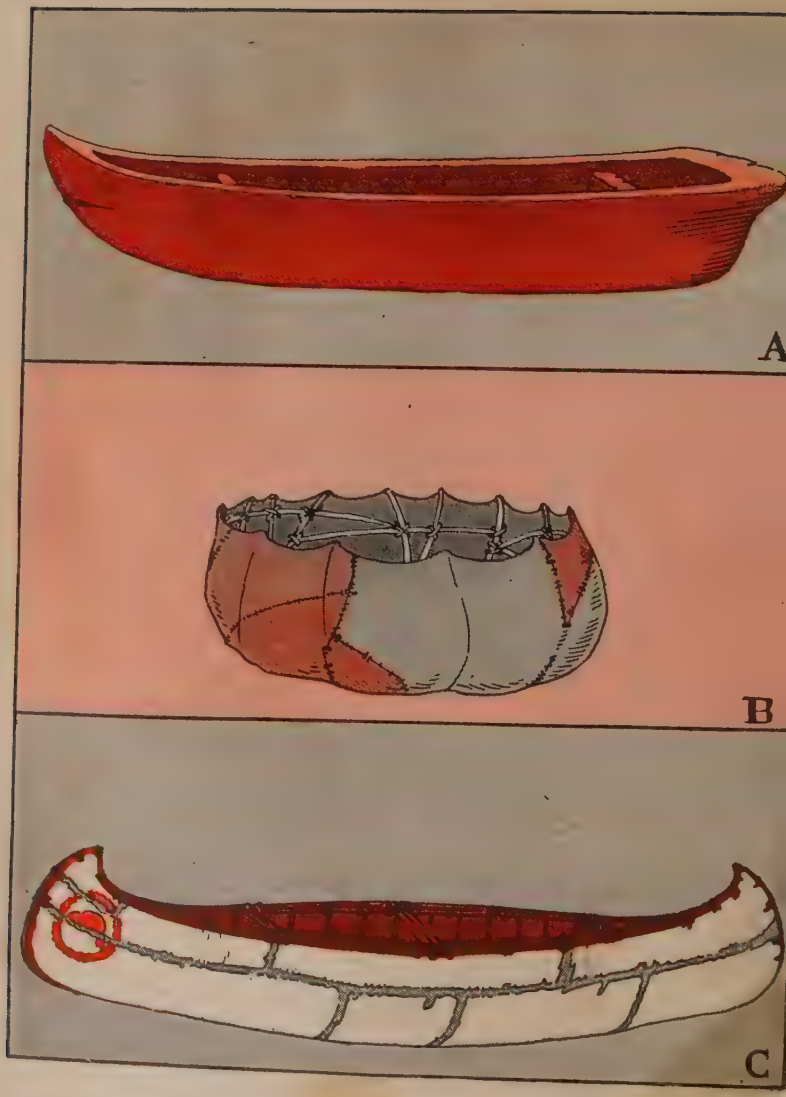
Choose a Boat

Father Indian got a big log. He shaved one side flat. Then he dug out the inside with stone tools. He burned the inside, too, to make the log hollow for a boat.

1. See the boat above "A" on page 56. Why do we call it a "dugout"?

Father Indian made a tub of willow sticks. Then he put a buffalo skin around the tub. This was a bull-boat. Snowflake and Red Bird carried this bull-boat to Mother.

2. See the boat above "B." Why did Mother Indian like this boat?


A
B
C

One day Father Indian came down the river in a birch-bark canoe.

3. See the boat above "C" on page 56. How do you think it was made?

4. Which boat was heaviest?

5. Choose a boat for a fast ride.

6. Choose a boat for rough water.

7. Choose a boat that is easy to carry.

8. Choose a boat to carry a heavy load.

9. Choose a boat to use for fishing.

10. If Father Indian was going far away, over land and on rivers, which boat would he take?

FATHER INDIAN'S WAR-BONNET

Father Indian walked into the teepee. He saw his war-bonnet. One feather was gone.

"Who took a feather from my war-bonnet?" asked Father Indian quietly.

Nobody said, "I didn't."

Nobody said, "I did."

Nobody but Father Indian was in the teepee.

Then Father Indian spoke a little louder.

"Who took a feather from my war-bonnet?"

This time Mother Indian heard Father Indian.

She said, "I didn't."

Nobody said, "I did."

Then Father Indian spoke in a very loud voice.

"Who took a feather from my war-bonnet?"

Snowflake heard Father Indian.

She said, "I didn't."

Mother Indian said, "I didn't."

Nobody said, "I did."

Then Father Indian came out of the teepee.

Father Indian saw Red Bird.

He said, "Who took a feather from my war-bonnet?"

Red Bird saw the cross look on Father Indian's face.

"I'll say I didn't do it," said Red Bird to himself. "I don't want to be scolded and have my hair pulled. I don't want to sit out-

side the teepee with black on my face. The boys would tease me; and nobody would give me a thing to eat. No; I won't tell the truth."

Father Indian spoke again.

"Red Bird," he said, "who took a feather from my war-bonnet?"

Red Bird waited a minute. Then he said, "I did."

Father Indian looked at him.

"Yes, Father," said Red Bird. "I took a feather from your war-bonnet. I took a golden-eagle feather to wear in my hair. Then I went to play. I lost the feather. So I cannot put it back in your war-bonnet."

Red Bird did not look at Father Indian. He looked down at his moccasins.

The cross look on Father Indian's face went away. He put his hand on Red Bird's head.

"Red Bird," said Father Indian, "you have feathers to play with. I have feathers for my war-bonnet. I do not take your feathers. You must not take my feathers. And never take a feather from any man's war-bonnet.

"I earned those feathers, Red Bird. I did a brave deed for every feather. Only four of our people have war-bonnets. And no one but Big Chief has a bonnet like mine."

Then Father Indian walked quietly away.

Nobody said, "You are a bad boy, Red Bird." Nobody scolded. Nobody pulled hair. Red Bird did not have to sit outside the teepee with a black face. He could eat as much as he wanted.

But Red Bird wished he had not taken the feather. He was sorry he had lost it. He was proud of Father's war-bonnet.

Red Bird looked and looked till he found the feather. He took it into the teepee.

"I shall put this back in Father's bonnet," he said. "Never again—no, never, will I take a feather from a man's war-bonnet."

THE RIDES

Father goes riding
In a big log canoe.
Father goes riding;
He catches fish too.

Mother goes riding
In a little bull-boat.
Mother goes riding;
She can paddle or float.

Foes come riding
In a birch-bark canoe.
Foes come riding;
Their war cry is, "Woo!"

Baby goes riding
In his cradle sack.
Baby goes riding
On somebody's back.

Father Indian Goes to War

1. Each tribe had its own place to hunt. Red Bird's tribe saw foes killing the animals on their hunting ground.

They fought hard to drive the foes away. Why?

2. Foes came to the village. They tried to carry off the women and children. Then Father Indian earned his finest feathers.

Why did Father Indian get his finest feathers for driving foes away from the village?

3. Father Indian took his shield when he went to war. Why?

4. Why were the men proud of the feathers they wore?

5. Father Indian said, "The Great Spirit wants all men to live in peace. It is better not to fight, but to live as brothers."

Why did Father Indian fight if he thought peace was best?

THE THUNDER BIRD

One hot day, two little girls were in a play-teepee. They were keeping house, like their mothers. One girl was Snowflake. The other was Rainbow.

Red Bird was fixing his stilts. Soon he was going to walk on them.

By and by, Snowflake heard voices. She looked out to see who was talking to Red Bird. Some boys were with him. Her eyes opened wide when she saw the sky.

"Red Bird!" called Snowflake. "Look off there. The sky is black. The Thunder Bird must be angry again. I am afraid it will come here."

"It is coming," said Red Bird; "and Father is away. All the men are away. And I wanted to walk on my new stilts. Now it will rain."

Mother Indian and Grandmother had gone across the river to pick strawberries.

"I wish Mother and Grandmother were here," said Snowflake. "I am so afraid of that Thunder Bird when it is cross."

"Boom-m-m!" came a sound. It was a long way off.

"Hear that!" cried one boy. "The Thunder Bird is singing its war song. I am going to run home before it winks its eye."

All the boys ran home. Snowflake's playmate ran, too.

Next, a chain of light flashed across the black clouds.

"Oh—it winked its eye!" Snowflake covered her face with her hands.

Then she said, "Come! Let's run into the teepee and hide under the skins."

Everyone feared the big, black Thunder Bird.

"It comes from the Sky Land," so the people said. "When it is happy, the weather is fair. But when this bird is angry—take care! Down it comes to show us its power."

The people said, "The Thunder Bird is a giant bird. Its wings cover the sky. They hide the blue. And the faster it flies, the harder the wind blows."

Red Bird knew the song of the Thunder Bird. He had heard the Bird sing so loudly that it made the ground shake. His arrows rattled in their quivers when the Thunder Bird sang.

Red Bird had seen the Thunder Bird wink. Fire flashed. One time the fire hit a tree. One time it hit a teepee. Red Bird felt sure the Thunder Bird wanted to hit a boy.

Snowflake crawled under some skins. Red Bird did, too. Then out he came. He stood up straight in the teepee.

"No," said Red Bird, "I will not hide. Women hide; but Father doesn't. I am going to do something, so that old bird will lose its power over us. I'll shoot. Maybe I can scare it away."

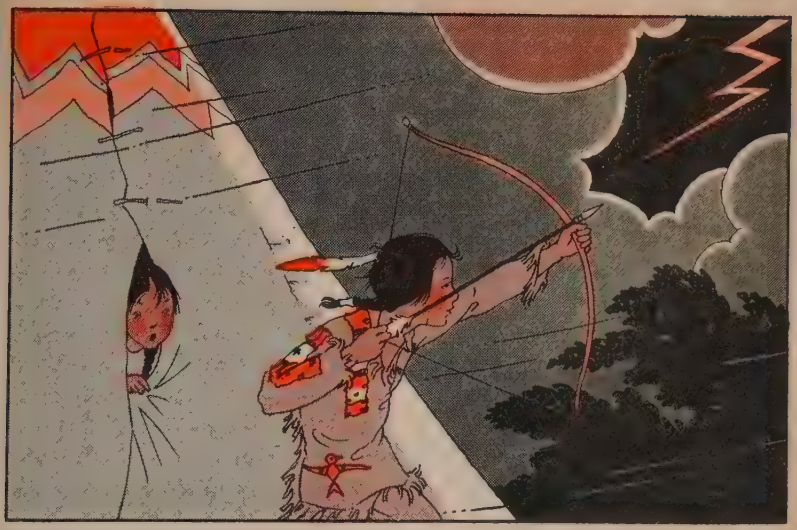
Red Bird reached for his bow.

Snowflake cried, "No, no! A boy can't do anything like that. And you can't scare the Thunder Bird! Don't let it see you."

Red Bird got his bow. He got his arrows. He pushed back the skin-flap and went out of the teepee.

Red Bird drew his bow. He pointed his arrow. He pointed it up at the black in the sky. Then he said:

"Fly, Thunder Bird, fly;
Let your wings hide the sky.
But don't wink near me,
Or near Mother's t
If you do—hoo, h oot!
I am going to sho



"Father never says that," called Snowflake. "The Thunder Bird won't stop for you. You cannot scare it!"

"Boom-m-m!" It was over Red Bird's head.

Red Bird pointed his arrow at the black in the sky. Then he said:

"Sing, Thunder Bird, sing;
Scare owls and everything;
But don't wink near me,
Or near Mother's teepee.
If you do—hoo, hoo, hoot!
I am going to shoot."

"Woo! Woo! Woo!" came the wind. Red Bird nearly fell over. Then the rain fell, patter, patter, splish! splash!

Red Bird pointed his arrow at the black in the sky. He said:

"Flap, old Thunder Bird, flap
your wings—
Shake down water on all our
things!
But don't wink near me,
Or near Mother's teepee.
If you do—hoo, hoo, hoot!
I am going to shoot."

Light flashed. It made Red Bird blink. Again it flashed—again and again.

Snowflake called, "Come! You can't do anything. I told you you couldn't."

Crash! Bang! A ball of fire hit the tree near the teepee.

Red Bird jumped. He dropped his bow. He dropped his arrow. But he picked up his bow. He pointed his arrow. He said,

"Hear, Thunder Bird, hear me!
You winked near Mother's teepee.
Now—hoo, hoo, hoot!
I am going to shoot."

Whing! up went an arrow.

Up, up, it went toward the black in the sky.

Flash! BOOM-M-M-M! The ground shook.

Red Bird shot. He waited a minute; then he shot two arrows.

Boom-m-m! It sounded farther away.

More times Red Bird shot—one, two, three.

By and by, the noise came from off by the wood.

Boom-m-m!

Whing! Whing! Whing!

Red Bird had one arrow left. He sent that flying. Then he listened. Snowflake listened.

There was a little booming, but it was a long way off.

"The Thunder Bird did lose its power," said Snowflake. "It didn't hit once after you shot. I am proud of my brave brother."

"Hoo, hoo!" called a voice.

"Goody!" cried Snowflake. "Rainbow is coming back to play."

Red Bird said, "Now I am going to have some fun." He got his stilts and walked away.

Picking Flowers

Snowflake picked flowers. Under "A," you will find something about each flower. Under "B" you will find their names. Copy the numbers under "A," and put each name with the right number.

A

1. A yellow flower.
2. A blue flower.
3. A pink flower.
4. A flower that asks us not to touch it.
5. A flower that grows on a tree.
6. A flower that floats on the water.

7. A flower that does not smell sweet.

8. A flower that blooms in the fall.

9. A flower that has an animal's name in its name.

10. A flower that has in its name the name of something to wear.

B

water lily	golden rod
skunk cabbage	touch-me-not
cowslip	lady's slipper
blue flag	wild aster
wild rose	crab-apple blossom

FUNNY FACE

Funny Face hid one of Red Bird's moccasins. He washed his meat in Red Bird's bowl of water. He pulled out Caw-Caw's feathers. Caw-Caw was Red Bird's tame crow.

One day, Funny Face stole a fish that Red Bird brought home.

"It was my biggest fish, too," said Red Bird. "I don't like that raccoon."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Snowflake. "Funny Face stole your fish. Oh, that was funny!"

The same day, Funny Face upset a box of beads. The beads rolled away. Snowflake could not find one pretty pink bead, and that was the bead that she liked best. This made her cross.

"Go away!" said Snowflake to Funny Face. "I do not like you."

Snowflake chased Funny Face out of the teepee. She threw a stick at him, too.

"Shame!" said Mother Indian. "Nice little girls never get cross. They are kind to their pets and to their playmates. Boys and girls who quarrel and scold, have no friends. Even animals do not like them."

"I didn't mean to be cross," said Snowflake. "I'll find Funny Face and tell him I'm sorry."

Snowflake looked for Funny Face. She looked down by the brook. She looked in the cornfield.

Funny Face was not by the brook. He was not in the cornfield.

"Is he here?" said Snowflake. She looked back of a rock.

Funny Face was not there.

"Maybe he went back into the teepee."

Funny Face was not on a bed. He was not under a bed. He was not in his basket.

"There comes Red Bird. Red Bird! Red Bird!" called Snowflake. "Have you seen Funny Face? I cannot find him."

Then Snowflake said, "I scolded Funny Face and chased him out of the teepee. Do you think he has gone and will never come back?"

"Did you look in the cornfield?" asked Red Bird.

"Yes, I looked in the cornfield. I looked down by the brook. I looked back of the rock where he likes to sleep. I couldn't find him."

"I scolded Funny Face," said Snowflake. "Now he has gone and he will never come back."

"Did you look in the teepee?" asked Red Bird.

"Yes, I looked all round the teepee. I looked on the beds. I looked under the beds. I looked in the basket.

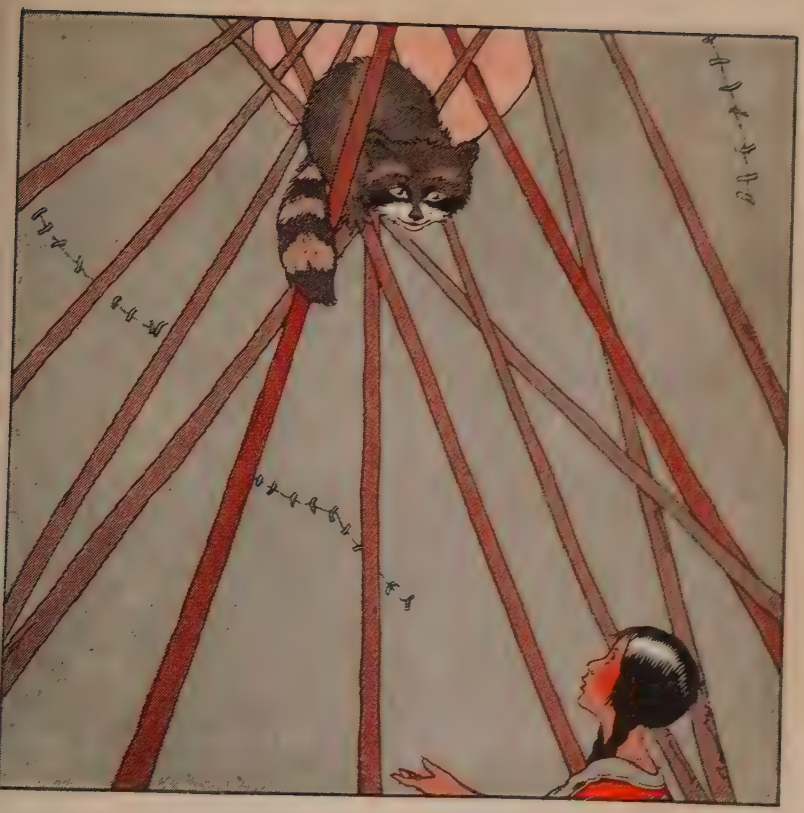
"Oh, dear! Funny Face has gone, and he will never come back. I know that he won't."

Snowflake and Red Bird looked and looked for Funny Face, but they could not find him.

By and by, they went into the teepee.

"There is Funny Face," said Red Bird.

"Where?"



"Up there—near the smoke hole."

Snowflake looked up. Funny Face looked down. He seemed to be laughing.

"Come, Funny Face," said Snowflake. "Come down—please. I did not mean to be cross. I won't scold you again."

Snowflake got an ear of corn.

"This is for you. Now come," she said.

Funny Face looked at the corn; but he would not come down.

"I'll get Funny Face," said Red Bird. Then he climbed up a pole.

Red Bird got Funny Face, and Funny Face ate some corn. The corn made him happy.

Snowflake was happy, too, for she had her pet. And Red Bird had found her pretty pink bead.

Snowflake and Red Bird

Read below. How were Snowflake and Red Bird alike? Write the things that they both did.

SNOWFLAKE	RED BIRD
liked to swim	liked to swim
played with dolls	fished
made bark dishes	made a whistle
had a play teepee	shot arrows
made mud cakes	ran races
rode down hill	rode down hill
made doll clothes	walked on stilts
fed animals	fed animals
was kind to playmates	was kind to playmates
picked berries	made pictures

THE PARTY

Snowflake skipped and sang.

"I am so happy," she said. "I am going to a party. Ha, ha, ha!"

"I, too, am going to Rainbow's party," said Red Bird.

Snowflake pointed a finger at him.

She said, "O Brother! Boys never go to a girl's party. You are not invited. What does Mother say?

"Mother says, 'Eat all in your dish. Let your words be true. And try to be brave like Father.'

"Your words are not true. I am ashamed of you, Red Bird. Boys who tell falsehoods are not very brave."

"My words are true," said Red Bird. Then he skipped and sang.

"I am so happy," he said. "I am going to a party. Ha. ha, ha!"

Snowflake put bear oil on her hair. After that, she brushed it with a porcupine tail. Round her head, she fastened a red and blue band.

Snowflake got her best dress. It was made of soft deerskin—glossy like satin. There was fringe around the bottom. Mother had made the dress pretty with red porcupine quills.

Bone beads hung from Snowflake's ears; and she wore deer teeth around her neck.

Snowflake filled a box with berry cakes. She got a bowl. She got a cradle for her baby doll.

Then away went Snowflake to Rainbow's party.

Red Bird walked off. He went toward the river.

The girls played with their dolls at Rainbow's party. They made cats' cradles with leather strings.

One girl hid a plum stone in a moccasin. She said, "In which moccasin is the plum stone hidden?"

Snowflake guessed right, so she was It.

By and by, Rainbow said, "Let's play 'Deer follow their leader.' We must choose a leader. What girl shall we choose?"

"Snowflake! We want Snowflake for our leader," cried the girls.

All jumped to their feet. They stood in a row. Snowflake stood first.

Each girl put her hands on the girl in front of her. Then away they all went.

As the girls walked, they sang,

"Deer follow their leader,
So we follow you;
Up hill and down hill,
We will go, too."

Snowflake walked slowly at first. Soon she walked fast. All the girls followed, doing just as she did.

Snowflake took short steps. She took long steps. She walked over stones. She ran. Then she stopped quickly. The girls bumped their noses. It made them laugh.

"Bring your bowls," called Rainbow's mother.

"Grandmother first," said the girls. "She must have the best."

Then all held their bowls for the tender bear meat that Rainbow's mother had cooked.

Some girls had brought corn to the party. Some had brought blackberries. Some had brought nut bread. Snowflake opened her box of berry cakes.

Before eating, Rainbow held up a piece of meat. All the girls were very quiet. No one moved. No one spoke.

Rainbow said, "Great Spirit, we thank you for this food."

Then she threw the meat into the fire. That piece was for the Great Spirit.

Snowflake ate with her fingers. Everyone did. She had no napkin, so she wiped her hands on some grass. Everybody did this and thought that it was polite.

Snowflake ate all the meat she wanted. Some was left in her bowl. She said, "I'll take this home so it will not be wasted." Good Indians did that.

Suddenly, several boys came. They began to dance and beg for food. They sang,

'Give us bread!
Give us meat!
We are hungry,
We want to eat!"

One boy had a flute. One had a whistle. Red Bird had a drum.

"Here, beggars," said Rainbow. She gave them some meat.

The boys ate the meat. Then they danced again. They sang,

"The meat that you gave me
Is all eaten up;
Still I am hungry,
Like a little lean pup!"

The girls laughed. They thought the boys funny.

The boys danced and begged till they had all they wanted. Then they left the party.

Soon the girls said good-by to Rainbow and went home.

Red Bird met Snowflake at the teepee.

He said, "See! My words were true, Snowflake. I went to the party."

"Yes, Brother," said Snowflake. "Your words were true. I did not think of your coming to the party to beg."

Red Bird lifted one foot and showed Snowflake a blister.

He said, "It hurts. I danced into the fire. But I went on with the dance. I didn't even say 'Ouch'."

"That was brave," said Snowflake. "You were brave like Father."

Red Bird held his head high. Red Bird was proud of himself. That day, he had eaten all in his dish. His words were true. And Snowflake had said he was brave like Father.

Something to Eat

Under "A," on page 105, are the names of foods. These are some things that Snowflake and Red Bird ate.

1. Find, under "A," the name of something that tastes sweet.
2. Find what Snowflake and Red Bird spread on their bread?
3. Find the names of all the nuts in the list.
4. Find something that grows on a vine.
5. Find something that grows in the ground.
6. Find something that grows on a tree, but is not a nut.

7. Find something that is a seed.
8. Find three kinds of bread.
9. Find something that swims.
10. Find the names of three things that you eat at home.

A

fish	butter-nuts
meat	black walnuts
greens	beech-nuts
wild rice	corn bread
corn	root bread
acorn bread	maple sugar
blackberries	mush
strawberries	berry cakes
cranberries	wild grapes
huckleberries	wild plums
milkweed roots	suet (on bread)

CROW BOY

Crow Boy lived near Red Bird. His home was just across the way.

Crow Boy liked to tease. He called the girls names and made them cry. He upset their mud pies.

Crow Boy hid the boys' bows and broke their arrows. He cried, "Shoo!" and clapped his hands, just when a boy was trying to shoot a turkey. He did these things only to tease.

When Crow Boy came near the girls, they said, "Get away." Some gave him a push.

Red Bird said, "Crow Boy is a good playmate when he does not tease. Sometimes I like to play with him."

One day Crow Boy called, "Red Bird! Red Bird! Come here. I have some wood. Show me how you make a whistle."

"I am sorry," said Red Bird, "but I cannot play now. Grandfather told us to come to him. He will show us how to write our names. The last time he taught us, we made a pretty picture. It was a big round sun."

Crow Boy said, "I don't want to write. I want to have fun. Now I am going to make a whistle. Why won't you help me? I think you are a silly."

Crow Boy made a whistle. Then he saw Snowflake. She was picking up nuts. Crow Boy crept up behind her and blew—whew! near her ear.

On another day, Crow Boy called to Red Bird. He wanted Red Bird to walk on stilts with him.

But Red Bird said, "No, I cannot play now. Grandfather will take us down by the river. We are going to look for tracks. Won't you come too?"

"No!" said Crow Boy. "I don't want to look for tracks. I want to walk on stilts. Good-by, work-boy! I am a play-boy."

Crow Boy walked on stilts. Then he saw Rainbow. She and her mother were scraping a skin. Crow Boy crept up behind Rainbow and pulled her hair.

Grandfather showed the boys how to hold a bow and shoot an arrow. The boys learned to hit a little red mark.

Crow Boy shot one day, but the next day he didn't. He played with his puppy. He looked for eggs on Turkey Hill. Then he chased the girls with a little dead mouse.

One evening, Grandfather called the boys to him.

He said, "In the morning, we shall go away off in the wood. We shall look for tracks, and follow a trail. We shall build a fire and cook meat in the ashes."

"Ho! Ho!" cried the boys. "That will be fun." They shouted for joy.

Crow Boy came running. "What is the fun?" he asked. "You are going to the wood! May I go, too?"

Grandfather said, "Any boy can go, if he can do three things. First, draw a man on this piece of bark."

Crow Boy made a picture. It looked like a bear. The boys laughed.

Next, Grandfather pointed to some tracks.

"What animal made those tracks?" he asked.

"A fox made those tracks." said Crow Boy.

"No," said Grandfather. "They are dog tracks."

"Hit that red mark with an arrow," said Grandfather.

Crow Boy shot. His arrow went away to one side.

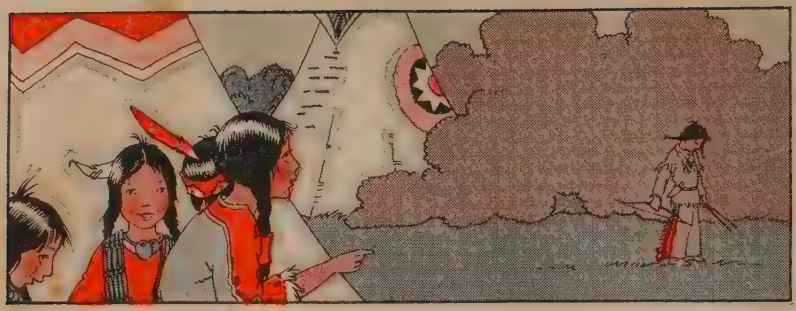
Then Grandfather said, "I am sorry; but Crow Boy cannot go with us. First, he must learn to do the three things I have asked him."

One boy winked at another. Crow Boy saw him. Then he heard some one say, "Crow Boy cannot shoot as well as the girls."

"And he doesn't know dog tracks —ha, ha!"

The next morning, Red Bird and other boys went with Grandfather into the wood. Crow Boy watched them start off.

"It serves him right," said the girls.



Then they ran back of a teepee and called to Crow Boy,

"The man you drew
Looks like a bear;
So you can't go,
And we don't care!"

The next morning Crow Boy went to Grandfather. He said, "Grandfather, please show me how to write. Show me how to shoot. I want to do all the things that Red Bird does."

Pictures

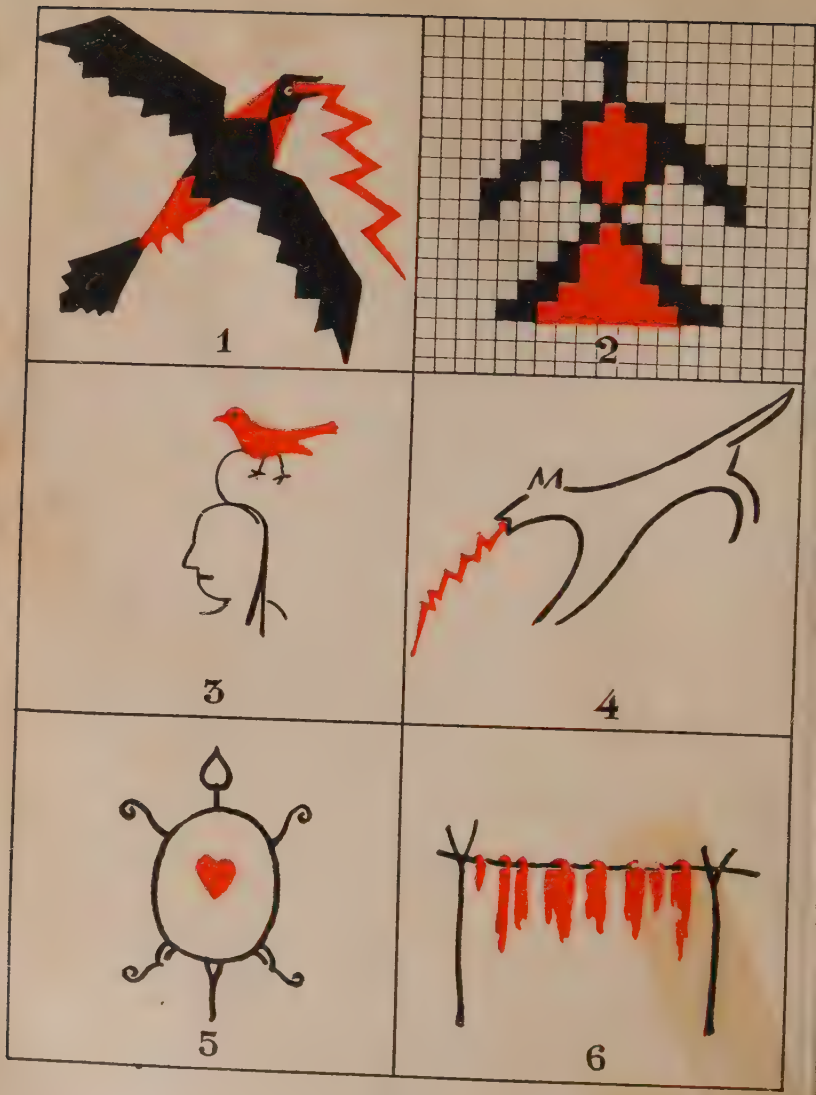
1. Red Bird said, "I think the Thunder Bird looks like this." He made a picture. Look on page 116. See the picture marked "1."

2. Snowflake made a picture. She called it the Thunder Bird. See picture "2."

3. See picture "3." This is the way Red Bird wrote his name. He made the bird red.

4. Red Bird wrote, "The dog is barking." See picture "4."

5. Red Bird made a picture on birch bark. What animal is it? See picture "5."


1
2
3
4
5
6

6. See number "6." This picture says, "We have much meat." The meat hangs on a pole between two forked sticks.

7. Make a picture that says, "We have no meat."

8. Show how an Indian would have written Crow Boy's name.

9. Show how Rainbow might have written her name.

10. Write a picture letter to some other boy or girl in your class. Ask your friend to come and see you. Do not put any writing in the letter. Just use pictures to let your friend know what your message is.

SLEEPY HEAD

At night Father Indian had his bow and arrows near his bed. There was a hatchet, too, and a big war club.

A bear might come, or a hungry wolf. And foes sometimes came early, before people were up. Men might have to jump out of bed and begin to fight.

Father Indian awoke at every sound. He listened. He listened for footsteps. He listened for calls.

"Whoo! Was that an owl?—or was it a foe?"

Once in a while, there was a whoop. Then, quick as a wink, Father Indian jumped to his feet. He grabbed his bow. He was ready to fight.

Each night Grandfather said to Red Bird,

"Make your bow string tight;
Be ready to fight
In the morning light."

Red Bird, each night, made his bow string tight. He put his bow near his head and his arrows in a quiver close by his bed.

But Red Bird was never ready to fight in the morning light. He was soundly sleeping.

The owl hooted. The wolf howled. The fox barked. The turkeys gobbled. Red Bird did not hear them. Nothing waked him.

Grandfather laughed at Red Bird.

He said, "Ha, ha, Sleepy Head! Some morning a foe will walk in here and carry you off. You won't even know it. You will be sleeping."

Red Bird hung his head for shame. He didn't want to be called Sleepy Head. He wanted to wake quickly like the men.

"Dear, dear!" said Red Bird. "Why can't I wake? Why don't I hear noises? I will wake. I'll hear the owl to-morrow morning."

But he didn't.

One night Grandfather said,

"Make your bow string tight;
Be ready to fight
In the morning light."

Red Bird made his bow string tight. He put his bow by his bed. Then he went to sleep.

The next morning Red Bird awoke. The sun was shining in his face.

"Where am I?" he said; and he rubbed his eyes.

Red Bird was lying on a flat rock a little way from his home. Near by was Grandfather; and Grandfather was laughing.

"Yes," said Grandfather, "I carried you here. I told you some one could carry you off and you wouldn't know it."

"Please, Grandpa," said Red Bird, "don't tell the boys."

That night Grandfather said again to Red Bird,

"Make your bow string tight;
Be ready to fight
In the morning light."

Red Bird made his bow string tight. He put his bow by his bed. Soon he went to sleep.

The next thing Red Bird heard was a war whoop. "Woo! Woo! Wough!" yelled some one, right by his bed.

Red Bird jumped to his feet. "Oh," he cried—"how you scared me, Grandpa!"

"Ha, ha!" That was Father laughing. Everyone laughed.

"Grab your bow!" called Grandfather. "When you hear a war whoop, grab your bow. Get ready to fight."

Mother said, "Red Bird plays too hard. It makes him too tired to wake quickly."

Father said, "Red Bird eats too much. It makes him sleepy."

"No," said Grandfather. "Red Bird stays up too late. He wants to hear every story. He romps and he tickles. Then he is sleepy in the morning."

Red Bird went outside the teepee. He didn't want to hear the folks laughing.

"Next time I will wake quickly," he said to himself. "I will jump out of bed and grab my bow."

Red Bird went to bed early that night. Grandfather found him asleep. His bow string was tight. His bow hung by his head.

Early the next morning, Grandfather stood by Red Bird. "Woo! Woo!" he yelled above Red Bird's head.

Quick as a wink, Red Bird jumped to his feet. He grabbed his bow. Then he ran out of the teepee into the morning light.

Red Bird shot an arrow up toward the sky. He danced about.

"Woo! Woo!" he whooped. "Where are the foes? I am ready to fight!"

Grandfather said, "Good! That is the way to get out of bed when you hear a war whoop."

Each day before sunrise, the owl hooted. The wolf howled. The fox barked.

Sometimes Red Bird heard them. Sometimes he didn't. But soon—very soon, he heard every whoop.

Talk without Words

Father Indian taught Red Bird to talk without words—to make signs. Red Bird put his two first fingers together like this X. That meant "teepee."

Red Bird crooked a finger like a horn against his head for "buffalo."

Say these things without words.

1. Come here.
2. I want a drink.
3. I don't want it.
4. I see something.
5. I hear something.
6. I am too warm.
7. I am cold.
8. No, no! I cannot go.

CUBBY BEAR IS LEFT BEHIND

A man walked past the teepee.

He called, in a loud voice, "Only a few more sleeps, then we shall move."

"Did you hear what the crier said?" asked Snowflake. "Ha, ha, we are going to move! We are going to move!"

"Yes," said Red Bird. "We are going to the hunting grounds, and I don't want to go. I don't want to leave Cubby Bear. Cubby will go back to the wood and get wild again. Maybe some one will shoot him before I come back next spring."

"We must go to the hunting grounds, Red Bird. We must get meat for next winter. Take Cubby along. I am going to take Funny Face."

Red Bird said, "I wish I could take Cubby; but I can't. Father says the canoes will be full. There won't be room for a bear."

"There will be room for the crow and your dog, I hope."

"Yes," said Red Bird, "I can take Caw-Caw and Boo."

Everyone in the village was busy now. Father fixed his bows, and he made a dugout canoe. Grandfather made arrows. Mother and Snowflake filled sacks with nuts, corn, dried roots, and wild rice.

"Goodness!" said Snowflake. "Can we eat all these nuts? Why take so many?"

Mother said, "We won't take all the nuts. You and Grandma fill these baskets."

Red Bird helped Mother dig some holes. Into the holes, they put the baskets. Then over the baskets, they threw dry leaves and dirt.

"I am going to put stones over them, too," said Red Bird. "There! No one will find those nuts. They will be here when we come back next spring."

Red Bird and Snowflake helped Mother take down the teepee. Snowflake sang, she was so happy. But Red Bird seemed sad.

"Red Bird," said Snowflake, "did you see that? Cubby cuffed little Boo! And he has pulled out Caw-Caw's last tail feather. You don't scold Cubby at all."

Red Bird said, "I cannot scold Cubby. Soon we shall be gone. Cubby will be here alone."

Poles were fastened to dogs. On the poles, Mother piled tools, sacks of nuts, corn, skins, pillows, and clothes.

"Red Bird may carry Father's war-bonnet," said Mother. "It is in this case. I shall take this roll of skins."

On the way to the river, Father Indian walked in front with his bow and arrows. They might meet a foe, or a fierce wild animal. Father Indian had to take care of them all.

Cubby followed Red Bird down to the river. When the canoes sailed away, he sat on the bank.

"Good-by, Cubby," said Red Bird. "Sleep under the rock I showed you. I'll come back in the spring."

The canoes went down one river and up another. By and by the boys called, "Buffaloes! Buffaloes! See the buffaloes."

Then men said, "No one should whoop. No one should shoot. No one should get where a buffalo can smell him. That will scare them away. When we hunt, we hunt all together."

Soon the people got out of the canoes. Mother and Grandfather put up a teepee.

Grandmother said, "I'll make a fire and start the cooking."

Red Bird and Snowflake got chips for the fire. They went to the spring and brought home water.

The men looked about for strange moccasin tracks. They watched the buffaloes and talked of hunting.

At sunset, fifty teepees stood in a circle. And in each teepee, a fire was burning. Crickets were singing; and it was getting cold.

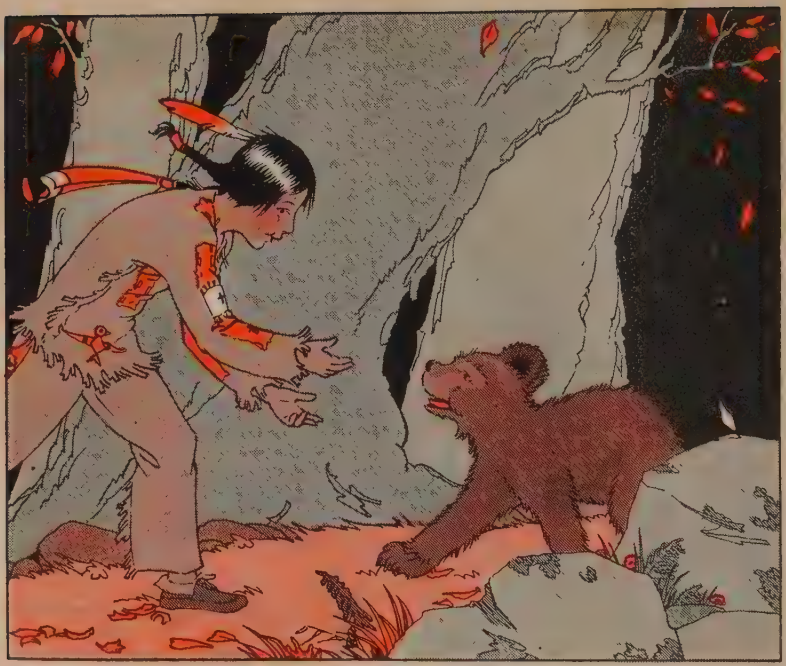
Red Bird sat outside Mother's teepee. He was thinking, "Poor Cubby! How lonely he looked all alone on the shore. I wonder if he is sitting there still."

"The men are coming! The men are coming!" shouted Crow Boy.

"What men?" asked Red Bird.

"The men who were coming on foot. And look! See behind them."

Red Bird looked. Then he ran toward the men as fast as he could. For there behind the men was Cubby.



"Cubby, my Cubby!" called Red Bird. "You followed the men all the way to find me."

Cubby's hair was filled with burrs and briers. He looked tired. He smelled food and sniffed the air.

"Come, Cubby," said Red Bird, "come into the teepee. Soon the men will finish eating. Then you shall have all you want."

The men did not eat much, for the next day they would hunt. They said, "A man cannot run well when he has eaten too much. We will feast when the hunt is over."

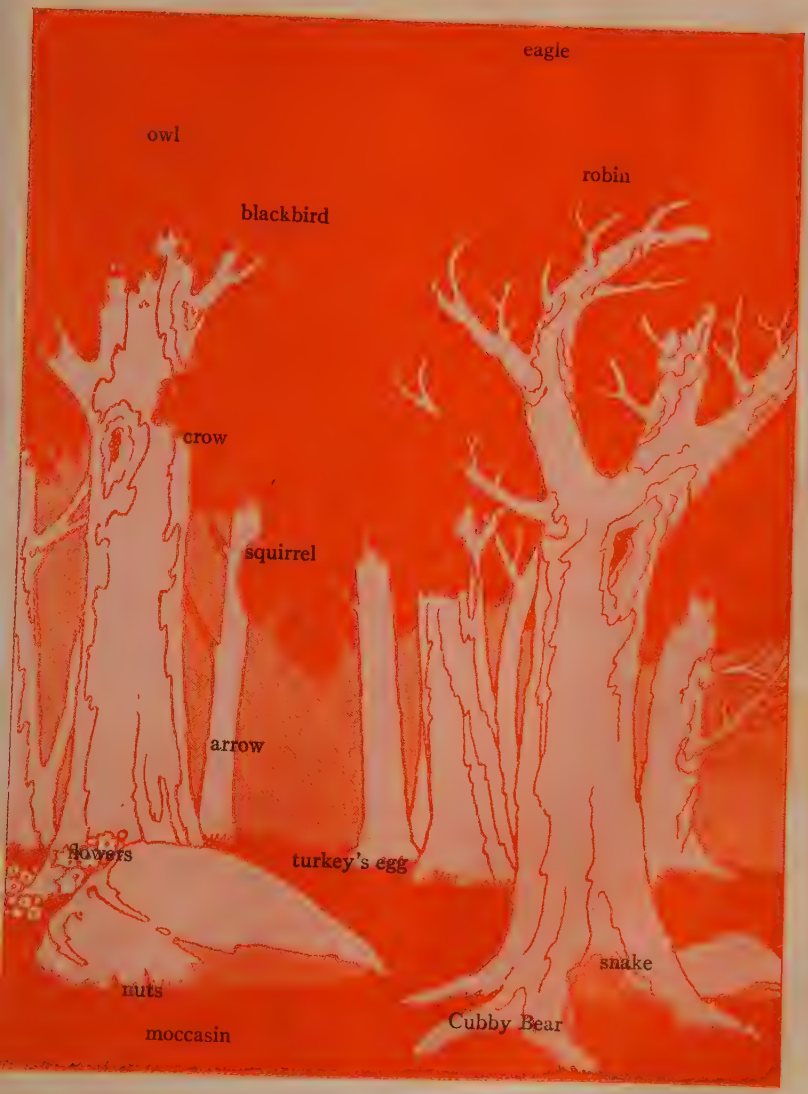
The pots were nearly full when Red Bird sat down. Grandmother, Mother, Snowflake, Red Bird, and all the dogs ate together. Cubby sat beside Red Bird and ate with the others.

They ate and ate and ate. They ate till the pots were empty.

In the Wood

On page 141 is a wood. In the wood are many things.

1. Find something pointed.
2. Mother Indian hid something under a stone. Find it.
3. Snowflake saw something by a tree and smelled one. What was it?
4. Find five things that can fly.
5. Find something that climbs.
6. Red Bird lost something he was wearing. Find it.
7. Find one of Red Bird's pets.
8. Find something that crawls.
9. Find something that Red Bird dropped and broke.


eagle
owl
robin
blackbird
crow
squirrel
arrow
flowers
turkey's egg
snake
nuts
moccasin
Cubby Bear

CROW BOY TAKES A RIDE

The day the people moved, they took down the teepees. They rolled up the covers.

Dogs drew the poles to the river. On the poles were clothes, pillows, boxes, and skins. The littlest children rode on the skins.

Crow Boy said, "I am going to ride. Barker has almost no load at all. He can draw me."

Then he sat down on a pile of skins.

"Lazy Bones! Lazy Bones!" called some men.

"You are too big to ride," said Snowflake. "Red Bird does not let a dog draw him. He would be ashamed to do that."

Crow Boy said, "I don't care what Red Bird does. I don't care what the men say. I shall ride to the river. Hi-ya, Barker! We are going to start now."

Barker had to pull hard. He didn't trot much for Crow Boy was heavy. But Crow Boy laughed gayly.

By and by, Barker was warm. He began to pant. His tongue hung from his mouth.

Red Bird said, "Come, Crow Boy, come walk. The dog is tired. The men are talking about you. They say you are a lazy boy, and you will be a lazy man."

"Let the men call me Lazy Bones," said Crow Boy. "I shall ride if I want to. There is the river. We are nearly to it. Hi-ya, Barker, go on, go on!"

Barker began to run. He ran past the women. He ran past the men. Crow Boy went over the ground, bumpity, bumpity, bump! He had to hold on tight.

Barker came to the river; but he did not stop. He ran into the water. He jumped on a rock and began to drink.

Crow Boy sat in the water almost up to his chin.

"He, he, he!" said the boys and girls.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the women.

"Ho, ho, ho!" shouted the men.

Crow Boy got up and waded out of the water.

He shook his clothes. Then he got into a canoe. He did not look at anybody. He acted very much ashamed.

For a long time, Crow Boy did not speak.

"Cheer up," said Red Bird. "Don't feel so badly because we all laughed."

"I don't like to be laughed at," Crow Boy said. "I care a little about that. But now I am thinking of something else. I lost my new whistle."

"Lost your whistle! I am sorry," said Snowflake. "But that is what you get for being so lazy!"

Moving Day

1. Red Bird had a winter home and a summer home. Why?

2. Mother Indian fastened two poles to a dog. Then she put a load of skins on the poles. Why did she not put the load on the dog's back?

3. Father Indian carried no load. Why?

4. Why did Father Indian have to keep strong and rested?

5. Why did Mother Indian have to work so hard?

6. Why did Mother Indian hide nuts in the ground before she left her summer home?

SNOWFLAKE WORKS LIKE A MUSKRAT

It was summer. Mother Indian got a basket.

She said, "Come—help me pick berries."

Snowflake took her little basket. She lined it with leaves. She picked a basketful of big red strawberries.

Red Bird went with Father. They sailed away down the bay.

Mother Indian put the strawberries on trays. She stood the trays in the sunshine. The sun dried the berries till there was no juice left in them.

"Come," said Mother Indian, "help me pound berries."

Snowflake pounded the dried berries. She made berry meal.

But Red Bird got his fish hooks. Then he sailed away down the bay.

The days were hot. Blackberries were ripe.

Mother Indian said, "Come—help me pick them."

Snowflake picked blackberries in the hot sun.

But Red Bird got his spear. Then he sailed away down the bay.

The nights were cool. The leaves were bright—brown, red, and yellow.

Mother Indian said, "Come—help me dig roots to eat next winter."

Snowflake got a sharp stick. She dug roots and hung them to dry.

But Red Bird got his hatchet. Then he sailed away down the bay.

The leaves were falling. Wild ducks flew south.

Mother Indian said, "Come—we must gather some nuts."

Snowflake picked up nuts. She filled seven sacks. She cracked nuts. She pounded nuts. She made nut meal.

But Red Bird got his bow. Then he sailed away down the bay.

Snow was falling. Winter had come. Snowflake and Red Bird were far from the fields where the strawberries grew. They sat by the fire in their winter home.

Mother Indian made some little cakes. She put nuts in them, and lots of dried berries. Then she baked them.

"Who wants a berry cake?" she asked.

"I do," said Snowflake. "I want two."

"I do," said Red Bird. "I want three."

"No," said Snowflake. "Red Bird should not have a cake. He did not pick the berries. He did not pound them. He did not pick up the nuts. He did not crack them; and he did not pound them. He did not do any of the work."

"I picked berries in the hot sun," said Snowflake. "I cracked nuts and hurt my fingers. I pounded berries till my arms ached. Then I pounded nuts. I worked like a muskrat, but Red Bird got into his canoe. Then he sailed away down the bay."

Snowflake took the tray of berry cakes. She held it behind her away from Red Bird.

Mother Indian pointed to some dried fish. She said, "Father and Red Bird catch fish in the river. You and I dry them. Father and Red Bird shoot ducks in the marshes. You and I cook them.

"Red Bird learns to follow deer. Some day he must bring us meat. Red Bird learns to shoot with arrows. Some day he must fight our foes.

"Foes may come to burn our tee-pees—take our children. Who will fight them?

"Strong men have to hunt and fight. You and I can work at home."

"I am glad that I'm a girl," said Snowflake. "I don't want to hunt and fight. Poor brother Red Bird! Some day he must fight off foes. Take three cakes, Red Bird—take the biggest. Take three more."

Red Bird said, "I am glad that I am a boy. I am not afraid of foes. Let them come! I would like to fight them now."

Red Bird took six berry cakes; and he ate them, every one.

Pictures to Draw

1. Show Red Bird in a canoe.

2. Show Snowflake with a cradle on her back. A doll is in the cradle.

3. Red Bird made a snow man. He put feathers on its head. Draw the snow man.

4. Show Snowflake picking berries.

5. Red Bird had a sled. It was made of buffalo ribs and skin. Make a picture of Red Bird riding down a hill.

6. Red Bird fastened sharp bones on his feet for skates. Make a picture.

BOY HUNTER

It was almost spring, but the ground was white with snow.

"Woo-oo-oo!" howled the wind. It shook the teepee.

Snowflake and Red Bird sat by the fire in their winter home. They were not cold, but—oh so hungry!

The corn was gone. The meat was gone. The dried fish had been eaten long ago. Now there was only a little acorn bread, and no suet to spread on it.

The strong men were hunting, far up the river. The old men, the women, and the children were at home in the village.

Each morning the old men said, "The hunters will come back to-day, surely."

The women said, "The men must bring meat, or soon we shall starve."

"We shall have a feast when our fathers come back!" said the boys and girls.

Snowflake and Red Bird peeped out of the teepee. But no hunters were coming back through the snow.

Eight, ten, twelve days went by. Still the hunters did not come. The women shook their heads.

They said, "Maybe our men went on the hunting grounds of our foes. They may all be killed."

One day Snowflake lay down on her bed. She covered herself with a buffalo robe. And she did not get up. Snowflake was sick.

"Snowflake has the fever," said Grandmother. She gave Snowflake some tea made of roots and dried leaves.

Next, Mother led Snowflake to the sweat house. There Mother threw water on very hot stones. The room filled with steam.

Snowflake stayed in the sweat house till she felt ready to burst—she was so warm. Then she came out and walked through the snow banks.

By and by Snowflake was back on her bed with her feet near the fire. She was well covered over with buffalo skins.

"Do you feel better?" asked Mother Indian.

"No," said Snowflake. "I feel worse all the time."

"Bad spirits make Snowflake sick," said the Indian doctor. "They may be in the teepee. They may be outside. We can not see them, but they are about.

"Come, everyone, stand back!" said the doctor. "I am going to scare the bad spirits away. Then the Great Spirit can cure this poor little girl."

The doctor made himself look as fierce as he could. He danced and yelled and shook a rattle. He sang, "Hi-he-hi-hah! Hi-he-hi-hah!"—faster and faster.

"Tum, tum, tum!" the doctor beat a drum. He made all the noise he could.

"Do you feel better?" asked Mother Indian.

"No," said Snowflake, "I feel worse all the time."

"Poor Snowflake," said Red Bird. "I think she is sick because she is hungry. She must have meat or she will never get well. Please, Great Spirit, please help me to find her something to eat."

Red Bird put on his moccasins, made with fur inside. He got his snow shoes, and his 'coon-skin cap. Round himself he wrapped a buffalo robe.

Next, Red Bird stood outside the teepee. He had his bow, and a quiver of arrows.

"Come, Rabbit!" he said. "Come Squirrel! Come, something, so that Snowflake won't starve!"

Out of the village went Red Bird, and into the forest. He walked till he came to a lake. Then he got behind a tree and waited.

"Chickadee, dee, dee!" sang a bird above him.

"Caw, caw!" called a crow, as it flew over.

Red Bird's hands got cold. His toes were numb. Still he waited.

He said to himself, "There were many animals here in the fall. One may come now."

A long time, Red Bird waited. Then he heard something. He peeped out from behind the tree. There on the ice was a flock of wild ducks!

"Can I shoot one?" Red Bird asked himself. "I must. Snowflake is hungry."

Red Bird drew his bow. [illegible] arrow flew—Whing! A duck [illegible]said tered. Then it fell dead. [illegible]ird

Red Bird shot five ducks. Mother Indian cooked them. First, Snowflake drank broth. Then she ate meat.

"Do you feel better?" asked Mother Indian.

"Yes," said Snowflake, "I feel better all the time. I think I'll get up."

Soon the children began to shout.

"Wah! Wah! Wah!" they cried. "Here come the hunters. They are bringing home deer. Let us run to meet them."

"Cl
bird
"
fl

"Boo, woo, woo!" barked all the dogs in the village. They ran too.

That day the Indians had a feast.

Father gave Red Bird a hatchet for killing the ducks. He had found it while he was away.

Boy Hunter—that is what the Chief called Red Bird. He said, "In a few more winters, Red Bird can hunt with the men.

"Shall we give Red Bird a feather? He is only a boy, but he was very brave. He might have been lost in the cold and the snow. But he got food to feed the sick."

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" said all the men. "Red Bird has earned a golden-eagle feather."

Red Bird put the feather in his hair.

He said, "I shall take good care of this feather. I shall try to be brave and earn more feathers.

"I want a war-bonnet when I am a man. I want a war-bonnet just like Father's."

A Winter Home

Play you are an Indian. You want a winter home. Read below. Find a place to camp. Choose six things that you would like to be true about your camp.

in the sunshine	in the shade
with many trees	with no trees
no animals near	many animals near
near a river	far from a river
near foes	far from foes
on a hill	on a hillside

XX
LaRue

F

LaRue Little Indians